

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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THOUGHTS IN BED UPON WAKING AND RISING.

AN "INDICATOR" IN VERSE.*

'Tis dawn, nay day-light certain; I know not
If bright or dull; but the white window shows
Difference from darkness, and the world goes round
In order, safe within the force of God,
And gentle light is sweet for its own sake.

A moment yet, fair day.—Within this force,
Calm in my very weakness, and desiring,
I trust, what it desires, do I awhile
Enclose me in a prayer of lovingness
For me, and for my friends, and all mankind.

Mine eyes re-open, blest. How well those birds,
The little angels of the trees, rejoin
One's consciousness of earth! What pure good-morrow!
'Tis fit that the first tongue which speaks to us
Of day-light, should speak beautifully. True love
Does this, and will not miss so sweet a time,
Turning it face to face, and ending prayer
With blessing realiz'd. Wise sire was he,[†]
And had (no wonder) a wise loving son,
Who every morning, breathing in a flute,
Took the sleep softly from his infant's eyes,
Disposing thus his spirit to accord.
Parents beside their infants' beds are Gods:
They do them good, awaking or asleep,
Ere the small mortals know them. Who shall say,
That spirits divine stoop not in pity thus
Over the parents too, in their distress,
Their children grey; and out of struggling dreams
Wake them to some strange face of hope and joy,
Some re-assurance of regarding heaven

Yes; light is lovely for its own good sake.
Morning is morning still, clouded or fair.
He wants his cure indeed from Nature's breast,
Wants air, and movement, and a natural life,
Or innocence regain'd from patient thoughts,
To whom the daylight's reappearance mild
Comes like a blow,—like a dread taskmaster
Waking his slave, who sees his load, and groans.
For me, whom Love and no unloving need
Have taught the treasures found in daily things,
I count the morning bright, if I but hear
One bird's voice sparkle (for the voice of birds,
By fine analogy of sound with sight,
Surely does sparkle, making brilliant cheer
Congenial with the sunbeams); and if bird
Nor sunbeam is abroad, but listening more
I hear the windows thick with wateriness,
Which ever and anon the gusty hand
Of the dark wind flings full, I make my morn
Still beautiful if I please, with sunny help
Of books or my own thoughts; sending them up
Like nymphs above the sea of atmosphere,
To warm their winking cheeks against the sun,
And laugh 'twixt islands of the mountain tops.
Or else my morning breaks for me in bloom
Out of old Greece, twice glowing with some love
Of sweet Aurora midst the lily dew:
Or with the tumbling freshness of the seas
Am I, with slippery porpoises, and mirth
Of the wide breathing of the rough serene

* It is not meant by this, that the present Indicator is a versification of a former one, but that it is an original *verse essay*, written in the spirit of the paper under that name

† Montaigne's father.

[PARROW AND CO. CRANE COURT.]

Tossing the seaman's house, whose sides are touch'd
With the warm heav'n, after a night of wet:
Or rising where the sun does, I behold,
Enthron'd, the Persian with his jewelry,
True "Brother of the Sun," if only then,
And giving beam for beam, awake and high,
While the dull princes of the West lie blowz'd.

'Tis fine to think, that with the earliest sun,
Not kings alone, but the whole East is up,
In this well meriting its orient name.
So rose the patriarchs, and sate with heaven
Under the oaks they planted. So rise now
All that pretend to patriarchal bloom,
Agreeing all, if in nought else, to make
Each day the symbol and part integral
Of the whole life, and so to morning life
Each day restor'd, catching the quick blood round,
Till sweet and late it stop, not clogg'd midway,
Nor jarring with the swift smooth soul o' the world.

Some right have the swift-blooded to be proud,
Not in poor scorn, or low comparison
With what is under them (which stoops them lower)
But in the joy of lofty company
Right-strength'd, and all fair planetary things
That dance with heav'n. I've risen in winter-time
Before the dawn, and making me a bower
Of warmth and light with candle and with fire,
Sail'd in the climate like a shrouded god,
Lord of the day before me, and at times
Peering betwixt my curtains out on earth
Fast sleeping, and with blocks of houses black,
'Till to myself I almost feign'd to seem
Proud o'er my prostrate kind; and partly did,
Because of my good will, and a good task.

And yet, thus warring against indolence
And ease, as I get up, with sprightly words,
Like medicinal arrows of the sun,
Shall I pretend, with the unfeeling need
Of one who rides through battle, to partake
No sympathy with those whom I leave lying?
No thought, ye powers of habit and sweet sleep
And sweet remorse, for bed! catholic bed!
The universal, wilful, sweet, stretch'd bed!
Bed, that lays prostrate half the world in turn,
And hugs us in a heav'n of our own arms?

Let me lie still awhile, and moot that point,
The bed-clothes o'er my ear. 'Tis charity,
Impartial sense: one would taste all like others,
To judge them rightly. What a turn is this,
One's back to the window! How it makes all new,
Bringing a second and soft curtain'd night
Over one's smiling eyelids! What old warmth,
Touch'd with new coolness at the hand or knee!
What a next half-an-hour!

Now is the house
Risen before me, and I find my rest,
By contrast of their mere activity,
Grow sweeter. They, methinks, are forc'd to rise,
And I, not being forc'd, taste freedom more.
I doze, I fix myself, I turn again,
Waking; then turn upon my back, and keep
The middle of the bed, from a nice sense
Of equal reasoning; and do find withal
That such as marvel how vivacious men
Can lie awake, have not vivacity,
But from gross need of life and motion, hurt

A lively cause. Oh these are not the wits
To tax ingenious bed! Life livelier still
Than what lies smiling in us, must do that,—
Birds, sunbeams, habits, duties, all at once,—
Or journey, or another's journey help'd;
Or friend who comes to breakfast, and who piques
Our friendship and our emulation both;
Or laughing children; or a sudden voice,
Sudden, and strange, and well known, and below'd,
And loud (as far as such sweet voice can be)
That comes before her letter, and fills all
The sunny house with lightsome womanhood.

Dull admonition provokes opposition.
(This is a proverb in the style of Swift,
Who made old sayings as he wanted them.)
No life in lying still! Why we may lie,
(We who have any ubiquity of spirit)
And still roll round wi' the earth: we can turn swift
The corner of dull night, and so be whirl'd
Full in the face of morning, with a flash
Sudden as Alpine tops to eagles' eyes:
We can be up with every bee, bird, peasant;
Bounding with deer, suck'd up to heav'n with larks,
Careering with wild steeds, dashing with waves
'Gainst the short breath of the fresh laughing morn.

A little leaven, saith a reverend text,
Leaveneth a lump. Not long since liv'd a lump
Of round humanity, nay, liveth still,
And ever shall, long as the Seasons roll
And clouds drop fatness, who with his sweet leaven
Of lazy and luxurious sympathy
With all sweet things, might have sufficed, alone,
To shew how quick and dulcet at the core
A slugabed can be.* "Falsely luxurious!
Will not man wake?" cried he; then turning, lay
In bed till twelve; and sauntering, when he rose,
Into his garden, slipper'd, and with hands
Each in a waistcoat pocket (so that al-
Might yet repose that could) was seen, one morn,
Eating a wondering peach from off the tree:

He said he had "no motive" to rise soon.
"And why should he have ris'n?" sharply enquired
The critic, sage in his goodnatured spleen
Against the shallow: "what had he to do,
After delighting us with deathless books,
But to lie on, wrapp'd in his ease and fame,
And have his feast out?"† Nothing—but to lie
Still longer, and with thrice his feast of fame,
And half his fat;—could all that moulded him,
Blood, breeding, habit, and his ancestors,
And e'en the very plumpness of his verse,
Have let him; so with Wieland to have shaken
His silver locks at eighty with mild mirth;
Or died, as Titian, 'midst his colours, did,
Nipt in his reverend bloom by a mischance
At ninety-nine! But circumstance and habit,
Like secret mistresses, clasp mightiest men,
Much more these teachers of soft sympathy,
Whose world were yet the best, were all made smooth
And acquiescence justice; and they speak
E'en now a voice, which, in the echo grows
Stronger than victory blowing through a town,
Because none hate it.

Lie then, if ye will,
Ye gentle, and ye jovial, and like him

* Thomson, author of the Seasons.

† See a passage in Hazlitt's *Table-Talk*

Moot the sweet point, if fortune give ye leave,
 And no wrong'd future mar the twice-heap'd down
 Pluck'd from the heart of hours, yet in the nest.
 Lie on, ye old, and cold, and cosy; lie,
 Ye thin whose bones want clothing; and ye fat,
 Yourselves a bed for jollity; and lie,
 Ye who last night forgot that it was night,
 The wine discours'd so well; and all in short
 Who with excuse or none (none being best,
 Because the sweet will then is most unmixed)
 Wake but to differ with old moral dawn,
 And, like a lover, who more fondly clasps
 His mistress blam'd, turn closer to dear bed.
 All must have justice done to them, ere all
 Can feel for all: and this being done to you,
 Ye captives of embracing circumstance
 And o'ergrown leisure, think, I pray you, tenderly,
 As the sweet poet did, of those whose wants,
 Or other dread-voic'd calls on waking eyes,
 (In which perhaps a tear has dreamt all night)
 Suffer not ev'n to suffer from repose,
 So dire their load, and to be balanc'd ever.
 Think of them when ye rise; and teach, like him,
 Justice, and truth, and better measurement
 Of ease to all; so shall they gladly see
 Your happier lot meantime, till rights go round,
 And some blest morn, ye, they, and the whole earth
 Shall be rejoic'd to rise, because the earth
 Then, for the first time, shall spin perfectly
 In the pleas'd ear of Him that made Endeavour.

Like smiles and tears upon an infant's face,
 Who wonders at himself, and at such things
 In faces round him, my swift thoughts are mix'd.
 'Tis natural to me; nor unnatural
 To any human heart, deeply conceiving
 Sorrow or mirth. May it be harsh to none.

THIRD WEEK IN MAY.

MORE FLOWERS.

WE can no more help turning to Mr. Howitt's pages this week for another extract, than we can into the fields themselves. They are truly vernal, rich in hopes of every kind, and

The blue sky bends over all:—

a cheerful religion is upon them. A kind and embracing heaven looks down; a glad and grateful earth looks up. Those writers who omit a sense of the unknown world in their books, (provided it be a kindly one) and of the great spirit of beauty and beneficence which causes all the lovely things we behold, might as well omit the sky in their landscapes, and go looking strait-forward or downward without the power of raising their eyes. To be always unconscious of what is invisible round about us, or remote, is in some sense, to be ignorant of what we see; for it prevents us from seeing the most delicate and suggestive part of its own beauty, and the innumerable images of fancy and delight which play round it.

As to flowers, which are endless in their suggestions, and about which we could hear endless talk from such writers as Mr. Howitt, we have often had a fancy respecting their origin, of which he has reminded us by speaking of them as among the "minor creations." They seem as if the younger portion of angels—the childhood of heaven—had had a part of the creation of the world assigned to them, and that they made the flowers. —And yet who could so well know how to please them, as he who made themselves?

"The return of May again brings over us a living scene of the loveliness and delightfulness of flowers. Of all the minor creations of God, they seem to be most completely the effusions of his love, of beauty, grace, and joy. Of all the natural objects which surround us, they are the least connected with our absolute necessities. Vegetation might proceed, the earth might be clothed with a sober green; all the processes of fructification might be perfected with being attended by the glory with which the flower is crowned; but beauty and fragrance are poured abroad over the earth in blossoms of endless varieties, radiant evidences of the boundless benevolence of the Deity. They are made solely* to gladden the heart of man, for a light to his eyes, for a living inspiration of grace to his spirit, for a perpetual admiration. And accordingly they seize on our affections the first moment that we behold them. With what eagerness do very infants grasp at flowers! As they be-

* This assertion is a little hasty: for how can we tell with what eyes, or unknown feelings, the insects, as well as other creatures may not regard the flower?

come older, they would live for ever amongst them. They bound about in the flowery meadows like young fawns; they gather all they come near; they collect heaps; they sit among them, and sort them, and sing over them, and caress them, till they perish in their grasp.

This sweet May morning
 The children are pulling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide
 Fresh flowers. Wordsworth.

We see them coming wearily into the towns and villages with their pinafores full, and with posies half as large as themselves. We trace them in shady lanes, in the grass of far-off fields, by the treasures they have gathered and left behind, lured on by others still brighter. As they grow up to maturity, they assume, in their eyes, new characters and beauties. Then they are strewn around them, the poetry of the earth. They become invested by a multitude of associations with innumerable spells of power over the human heart; they are to us memorials of the joys, sorrows, hopes, and triumphs of our forefathers; they are, to all nations, the emblems of youth in its loveliness and purity.

The ancient Greeks, whose souls pre-eminently sympathized with the spirit of grace and beauty in every thing, were enthusiastic in their love, and lavish in their use of flowers. They scattered them in the porticoes of their temples, they were offered on the altars of some of their deities; they were strewn in the conqueror's path; on all occasions of festivity and rejoicing they were strewn about, or worn in garlands.

It was the custom then to bring away
 The bride from home at blushing shut of day;
 Veiled, in a chariot, heralded along
 By strewn flowers, torches, and a marriage song. Keats.

The guests at banquets were crowned with them.

Garlands of every green and every scent
 From vales deflowered, or forest trees branch-rent,
 In baskets of bright osiered gold were brought,
 High as the handles heaped; to suit the thought
 Of every guest, that each as he did please
 Might fancy fit his brows, silk pillowed at his ease. Keats.

The bowl was wreathed with them, and wherever they wished to throw beauty, and to express gladness, like sunshine they cast flowers. Something of the same spirit seems to have prevailed among the Hebrews. "Let us fill ourselves," says Solomon, "with costly wine and ointments; and let no flower of the spring pass by us. Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they be withered." But amongst that solemn and poetical people they were commonly regarded in another and higher sense, they were the favourite symbols of the beauty and the fragility of life. Man is compared to the flower of the field, and it is added, "the grass withereth, the flower fadeeth." But of all the poetry ever drawn from flowers, none is so beautiful, none is so sublime, none is so imbued with that very spirit in which they were made as that of Christ. "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, and yet, I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you. O ye of little faith!" The sentiment built upon this, entire dependance on the goodness of the Creator, is one of the lights of our existence, and could only have been uttered by Christ; but we have here also the expression of the very spirit of beauty in which flowers were created; a spirit so boundless and overflowing that it delights to enliven and adorn with these riant creatures of sunshine the solitary places of the earth; to scatter them by myriads over the very desert "where no man is; on the wilderness where there is no man;" sending rain, "to satisfy the desolate and waste ground, and to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth."

In our confined notions we are often led to wonder why

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its fragrance on the desert air!

why beauty, and flowers, and fruit, should be scattered so exuberantly where there are none to enjoy them. But the thoughts of the Almighty are not as our thoughts. He sees them; he doubtless delights to behold the beauty of his handiworks, and rejoices in that tide of glory which he has caused to flow wide through the universe. We know not, either, what spiritual eyes besides may behold them; for pleasant is the belief, that

Myriads of spiritual creatures walk the earth

And how often does the gladness of uninhabited lands refresh the heart of the solitary traveller! When the distant and sea-tired voyager suddenly descends the blue-mountain tops, and the lofty crest of the palm-tree, and makes some green and pleasant island, where the verdant and blossoming forest-boughs wave in the spicy gale; where the living waters leap from the rocks, and millions of new and resplendent flowers brighten the fresh sward, what then is the joy of his heart! To omnipotence creation costs not an effort, but to the desolate and weary how immense is the happiness thus prepared in the wilderness! Who does not recollect the exultation of Vaillant over a flower in the torrid wastes of Africa? A magnificent lily, which, growing on the banks of a river, filled the air far around with its delicious fragrance, and, as he observes, had been

respected by all the animals of the district, and seemed defended even by its beauty. The affecting mention of the influence of a flower upon his mind in a time of suffering and dependency, in the heart of the same savage continent, by Mungo Park, is familiar to every one.

In the East, flowers are made to speak the language of sentiment. The custom of embellishing houses and garnishing tables with them is unquestionably eastern. Perhaps the warmer countries of Europe are less in the use of them than they were formerly. Boccaccio talks of them being disposed even in bedchambers; "E nelle camere i letti fatti, e ogni cosa di fiori, quali nella etagione si potevano avere, piena;" and at the table of the narrators of the Decameron stories, as "Ogni cosa di fiori di qinestra coperta."† In England they are much less used than on the continent, and much less than they were by our ancestors. On May-day, at Whitaunder, and on other holiday occasions, the houses were profusely decorated with them, and they were strewn before the door.

Over the extinction of many popular customs, I cannot bring myself to grieve; but there is something so pure and beautiful in the plentiful use of flowers, that I cannot but lament the decay of these. Perhaps the most touching of our popular use of flowers is that of strewn the dead with them, designating the age, sex, or other particular circumstances, by different flowers. How expressive in the hand of a fair young girl, cut off in her early spring, are a few pure and drooping snow-drops, an image exquisitely employed by Chaucer in his celebrated piece of sculpture—the two Children at Litchfield. Let the pensile lily of the valley for ever speak of the gentle maid that has been stricken down in her May; and the fair white lily, of the youth shorn in his unsullied strength: and let those who have passed through the varieties of time have

Flowers of all hues, and with its thorn the rose,

But even this tender custom is on the decline, from a needless notion that they generate insects, and tend to destroy the body they adorn. In reality, however, the love of flowers never was stronger in any age or nation than in ours. We have, perhaps, less love of showy festivity than our ancestors, but we have more poetry and sentiment amongst the people at large. We have conveyed from every region its most curious and splendid plants; and such is the poetical perception of natural beauty in the general mind, that wherever our wild flowers spring up, in the grass, on the overhanging banks of the wild brook, or in the mossy shade of the forest, there are admiring eyes to behold them.

BIRTHDAYS.

May 15th, 1561, William Camden, the historian and antiquary, born at London, one of the fine old earnest writers of the greatest age of English literature, when knowledge, and faith in the beautiful, went hand in hand. He was educated first at Christ Hospital, then at St. Paul's School, and afterwards at Oxford; and on taking his degree at that University, became one of the masters at Westminster School; where among his pupils he had Ben Jonson, who in after life addressed him the following grateful and affecting lines, which considering the subject and the writer, acquire even an additional grace from a sprinkle of pendency.

Camden, most reverend head, to whom I owe
 All that I am in arts, all that I know,
 (How nothing's that!) to whom my country owes
 The great renown, and name wherewith she goes;
 Than thee the age sees not a thing more grave,
 More high, more holy, that she more would crave.
 What name, what skill, what faith hast thou in things!
 What sight in searching the most antique springs?
 What weight, and what authority in thy speech!
 Man scarce can make that doubt, but thou canst teach.
 Pardon free truth; and let thy modesty
 Which conquers all, be once overcome by thee.
 Many of time this better could than I,
 But for their powers, accept my piety.‡

May 16th, 1469, at Florence, Niccolò Macchiavelli, historian, statesman, and miscellaneous writer, one of the puzzles of biography. It is not known of his book "The Prince," whether he meant a grave irony, ridiculing the most detestable maxims of government, or a serious commendation of them! Those who are curious on the subject, and do not read Italian, may see his works translated by Farnsworth, in the British Museum. There is also a translation of the "Prince," (if our recollection does not deceive us) by a living writer, Sir James Byerley. For our parts, we give the acute, the deep, but simple mannered and courageous Florentine, who died poor, and who endured the torture rather than betray a cause, the credit of having been a man of the best intentions, whatever he wrote; and so thinking, our present lights on the subject of what is best for mankind do not allow us to suppose that he intended any thing but an irony. Macchiavelli was a wit as well as a philosopher, and could openly banter when he chose: let us conclude he could banter as well in secret.

* The beds, made in the chambers, were strewn with all the flowers in season.

† Covered all with flowers of Spanish broom.

‡ An ancient and foreign mode of speaking. *Ego per dium incedo regina*, says Juno in Virgil—"I who go, the queen of the Gods." *Piu superbo tu*, says the modern Italian—"more proud thou art."

§ This better could; that is to say, "could do this panegyric better."

¶ Piety in the old Roman sense, meaning a devoted affection.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XIII.—THE BLACK ASSIZE.

THE Black Assize at Oxford, during the reign of Elizabeth, was so called from the circumstance of judges, jurymen, nobility, gentry, and the majority of the persons present, to the amount of near three hundred, sickening and dying, within forty-eight hours after they left the court.

Of the manner in which these unfortunate individuals were seized; the nature, progress, treatment, and technical description of their disease, it is not (says the author of the "Lounge's Common Place Book,") in my power to speak; though to a medical reader they would afford a subject of curious and useful investigation.

This destructive pestilence, which readers who do not on every occasion hunt out for mysterious causes, would naturally attribute to malignant contagion, exasperated by the unwholesome atmosphere of a crowded court, during three hot days in July, was said to be occasioned by noxious effluvia, issuing from the ground, but is attributed by Lord Verulam to some infectious disease brought out of the prison; as Sir Robert Bell, the presiding Judge and Chief Baron of the Exchequer, frequently remarked a noisome and offensive smell, and demanded from whence it proceeded, but could obtain no satisfactory answer. This awful and tremendous visitation is accounted for in a singular way by a learned but credulous writer, strongly tinged with the party violence and superstition of that period: "At this, the Black Assize, Rowland Jenks, a Popish recusant, was arraigned, and finally, after a long trial, condemned to die, for words seditiously and treasonably spoken against the queen's majesty."

"While the chief baron pronounced, in due form, and with accustomed solemnity, sentence of the law on this offender, a pestilential vapour suddenly arose so almost as to smother the court; various were the conjectures concerning so rude and filthy an annoyance, but all were distant from the mark; I am, however, enabled to assign the true cause on indisputable evidence. A rare and valuable M.S. came accidentally in my possession, collected by an ancient gentleman now at York, and an industrious gatherer together of strange facts, who lived in Oxford at the time of this marvellous calamity.

"This curious observer asserts that the aforesaid Rowland Jenks being sometimes permitted by favour of the Sheriff, who was suspected of leaning towards Anti-Christ, to walk at times abroad, accompanied by an under-jailer; on a certain occasion, by fair words and well-timed presents, prevailed with his keeper to call with him at an apothecary's, to whom he produced a recipe for compounding certain drugs, desiring to have it done with all convenient speed. This person, on viewing the paper, replied that the ingredients were costly in price, powerful in effect, and tedious in preparation; that previous to such mischievous materials going forth, he must be well assured that they would not be applied to any unlawful purpose. The prisoner made answer that rats and other vermin had gnawed and otherwise defiled the few books he had been indulged with since his imprisonment, and that the recipe in question was for the purpose of destroying these animals. The apothecary desired to retire a few minutes for consideration, during which he copied the formula, and speedily coming back, returned it, saying, that he would not, on any account, be concerned in handling such dangerous weapons.

"Each particular article of this strange commixture might have been imparted to the public, but they were of a nature so horribly deleterious that I feared their falling into the hands of wicked and designing men; yet, it seems that Jenks did in some way or other get his poisonous mess prepared, and against the day of trial had made, infused or interwoven it into, or with a cotton wick, which on being lighted would burn like a candle.

"The moment sentence was passed, and he knew that death was unavoidable, having provided himself with a tinder-box and steel, he lighted that infernal thread which was to determine the fate of so many. The dismal effects which ensued are on record, and too well known to need repeating. Indeed, whoever by chance or by design shall be made acquainted with the materials it was composed of, which I wish may for ever be blotted out and forgotten, will easily believe its virulent and venomous effects."

This singular account is evidently penned by a lover of the marvellous; it will not bear the touchstone of criticism or common sense; and endeavours to go out of the road to account for that, which, as has been well observed, might easily, and frequently does take place, as the common effect of pestilential infection. It may also be asked, how could the supposed perpetrator of the mischief prevent his suffocating vapour from acting with equal fatality to himself, his fellow prisoners, on women and on children, numbers of whom were in court, but none as all injured in life, health, or limb. It is also very improbable that a prisoner at the bar, who had just received sentence of death, who was of course an object of general observation, and from the spirit of the times, of religious detestation, that he should be able, without attracting notice and hindrance, to strike a light, and set fire to his wick; every person present must have perceived from whence the noxious fume arose; nor would it have been necessary for the Chief Baron repeatedly to ask, as he did, several hours before Jenks was put on his trial, from whence the very disagreeable smell proceeded. The Popish recusant perhaps might

have performed the part assigned to him with greater ease, had he been furnished with phosphorous matches, that invention of modern science, which, in the last century, would have been accounted little less than magic or witchcraft; an invention by which the philosopher and the chemist have wonderfully forwarded the purposes of nocturnal plunderers and domestic assassins.

The cause of the pestilential affection remains buried in obscurity.

XIV.—A YOUTH IN CIVILIZED LIFE, WHO LIVED IN TREES AND ROCKS.

The personal strangeness of appearance produced by the life which the subject of the following account was obliged to lead, together with the interesting countenance which it had left him, and the rapidity with which he used to glide from his wild home into his proper one, appears to us to render the narrative affecting.

All this portion of the country, (says Mr. Keppel Craven, in his "Tour through the Southern Provinces of Naples," speaking of the neighbourhood of Castellamare), bears a bad name, as offering secure retreats to felons or homicides, who, either suspected of misdeeds, or actually convicted of crimes, seek their safety in temporary concealment within its mountainous recesses. This state of existence is sometimes so prolonged as to become not only supportable, but scarcely irksome to the inclinations and feelings. An individual of my acquaintance who inhabited Castellamare, formed, in the course of his frequent excursions in its romantic environs, an acquaintance of some intimacy with a rich inhabitant of Lettare, and was in the habit of frequently dining with him and his numerous family. He usually went by invitation, or at least after giving notice of his intended visit; but one day, finding himself at the hour of dinner in the vicinity of the house, he ventured to request that hospitality which he had so frequently before experienced. He was admitted with some symptoms of embarrassment attributable, as he thought, to the consciousness of being inadequately provided with the means of receiving him; but perceived an addition to the family in the person of a young man, who was with some hesitation introduced as a son, and whose peculiar person, and dejected yet prepossessing countenance, so excited his interest and curiosity, that his sisters, confiding in the regard of the visitor, bade the stranger tell him his history.

Salvador, that was his name, had, from his early infancy, been in the habits of intimacy with a youth of the same village, who, following the bent of an evil disposition, through the path of poverty and vice, had so far advanced in the career of iniquity as to have become, at the age of twenty-four, associated with all descriptions of petty depredators which can in no language be so well expressed as by the Italian word *Malviventi* (evil livers). Salvador, educated as carefully as the affluence and affection of his parents would allow, had vainly endeavoured to reclaim his friend Aniello from his wicked courses; and, in the hopes of ultimately succeeding, had continued to keep up an intercourse of good fellowship with him, and more than once had assisted him with money. One day the latter informed Salvador of a scheme, formed by him and his companions, of robbing a rich proprietor; who resided in a solitary house adjoining some vineyards belonging to Salvador's father; and his assistance was required to allow this iniquitous band to conceal themselves in one of the buildings used only in the vintage season, where they might remain in ambush until night should enable them to execute their villainous purpose. Salvador not only refused to become accessory to such a crime, but put the intended object of it on his guard against the machinations of the banditti, without, however, naming Aniello, for whom he still retained a feeling of compassion if not of regard.

His friend, as may be supposed, from that day became his inveterate foe, and vowed to watch every opportunity of being revenged. Sometime elapsed, however, before such an occasion presented itself; but one morning that Salvador had arisen with the sun, for the purpose of shooting quails among the ripe grapes, his unrelenting enemy, who had watched and followed him, attempted to satisfy his cowardly vengeance by firing two pistol-shots at him from a place of concealment. Discovered, upbraided, and pursued by the other, he suddenly turned upon him, and endeavoured, by an exertion of bodily strength, to wrest from him his fowling-piece. The contest was prolonged and obstinate, ending finally in the fall of the aggressor, who received his death-wound from the hand which had so often relieved his wants. The survivor, under the influence of terror and confusion, at the commission of a crime so foreign to his nature, fled precipitately to his paternal roof, where he only rested time enough to relate his misfortune, being persuaded by his alarmed parents to seek safety in concealment. Some labourers, who had indistinctly seen the conclusion of the affray at a distance, ran to the spot, and reached it in time to learn the name of the homicide from the vindictive ruffian, whose discharged pistols, former gifts of Salvador, and still bearing his initials, served, together with the evidence of the gun, which he had hastily flung down, to corroborate the facts deposed by the witnesses; the local police was made acquainted with them, and proceeded to the house of the culprit, who had already

fled and thereby justified the accusation brought against him. A sentence was pronounced, and for a considerable time he never ventured to revisit the house of his parents; but as these were as respected as he was beloved, no vigorous researches were instituted, and having never withdrawn himself from any great distance, he by degrees ventured to return occasionally, for a few minutes, to the presence of his family, and, in the course of time, paid them a daily visit, regulated by a signal given by his sisters from the back windows of the house, which looked to the steep range of almost inaccessible rocks, covered with wood, that rise above Lettare. In their fastnesses he had now dwelt more than two years; and he described, in impressive language, the singular existence thus imposed upon him, and to which he had become, in a manner, as much habituated as to the exercise of descending and remounting these rugged steepes, with a velocity and agility almost incredible.

The individual, who frequently afterwards saw him, described his descent as something to all appearance supernatural. He was, during the daytime, always lurking among the caves, or perched upon the trees within hearing of the shrill whistle that gave him the summons to approach, and when it was uttered, a few minutes sufficed to bring him down from the highest precipice. He gave an account of the methodical way in which he divided the few and unvaried occupation that broke the monotony of his solitary hours. The changes of the weather or the wind were hailed by him as an interesting incident in his life. The trees, plants, and flowers, growing within the circumscribed precincts of his retreat, had become the objects of his care; and he watched the changes brought upon them with anxious solicitude. The few animated beings, whose movements broke upon the stillness of his solitude, he looked upon as so many acquaintances or visitors. A variety of birds had accustomed themselves to assemble round him at a certain hour, to receive the remnants of the food which he carried up from his father's house. He could enumerate every different sort of butterfly or insect which could be found near his retreat; and had seen the same fox pass at the same hour of each day during the two years of his seclusion. In these pursuits, if so they can be termed, and the perusal of some book, which he always brought away from the house to the mountain, his time had passed, he said, quickly and not painfully. He generally took a daily meal at home, but never spent the night there, considering his rocky hermitage as more secure. This, from its particular position, was inaccessible from the upper masses of the mountains, and presented no approach from below, except through a strip of enclosed vineyard through the back of the family dwelling.

XV. THE BRIDAL OF CAMIOLA TURINGA.

The following story is from the pages of the "Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples," an interesting work published some years ago, which deserves to be better known, particularly by all who feel anxious to think as well of their fellow-creatures as possible. It struck us, when we read it, both the first and second time (for we have given it two thorough perusals) as furnishing an ample vindication of the character of an excellent woman, who, by one of those freaks of fortune that sometimes occur in history, has been hitherto set down as a proverbial instance of cruel and inordinate passions.

The magnanimity of a lady of Messina, called Camiola Turinga, who flourished in the childhood of Joanna (says our author) has procured her a place among the illustrious women of Boccaccio; and though he has recorded no daring deed of heroism, her history would have furnished an affecting tale to his Decamerone, had he contrasted her lofty spirit, not less feminine, though more noble, with the passive meekness of Griselda.

Towards the close of the reign of King Robert, Orlando of Arragon rashly encountering the Neapolitan Fleet, was made captive and imprisoned in one of the castles of Naples. His brother, Peter, King of Sicily, refused to ransom him, as he had occasioned the loss of the Sicilian armament by his temerity in engaging the Neapolitans contrary to his express command.

The young and handsome prince, unfriended, and almost forgotten, remained long in prison, and would have been doomed for life to pine away in hopeless captivity, had not his wretched fate excited the pity of Camiola Turinga, a wealthy lady of Messina, distinguished for every feminine grace and virtue. Desirous of procuring his liberty without compromising his fair fame, and perhaps actuated by sentiments still more powerful than compassion, she sent a trusty messenger to his dungeon at Naples, to offer to pay his ransom, on condition of his marrying her on his return to Messina. Orlando overjoyed at his unexpected good fortune, willingly sent her a contract of marriage; but she had no sooner purchased his liberty, than he denied all knowledge of her and treated her with scorn.

The slighted maiden carried her cause before the royal tribunal, and Peter of Arragon convinced of the necessity of governing the Sicilians with justice, as his empire depended solely on the affections of the people, adjudged Orlando to Camiola, as he was, in fact, according to the custom of the times and the laws of war, a slave whom she had purchased with her treasure. It

consequence of this decree a day was appointed for their marriage, and Orlando accompanied by a splendid retinue, repaired to the house of Camiola, whom he found decked out in the customary magnificence of silks and jewels. But Camiola, instead of proffering the vows of love and obedience which the haughty prince expected to hear, told him she scorned to degrade herself by a union with one who had debased his royal birth and his knighthood by so foul a breach of faith, and that she could now only bestow on him, not her hand, of which he had proved himself unworthy, but the ransom she had paid, which she esteemed a gift worthy a man of mean and sordid soul; herself and her remaining riches she vowed to dedicate to heaven.

No entreaties availed to change her resolution, and Orlando, shunned by his peers as a dishonoured man, too late regretted the bride he had lost, and falling into a profound melancholy, died in obscurity and neglect.

A SPECIMEN OR TWO OF EXISTING PERSIAN MANNERS.

FROM SIR HARFORD JONES BRIDGES' MISSION TO PERSIA (just published.)

A great Minister on his Travels.—In two or three days afterwards, Meerza Bozurg and I set out for Tauris, which was little more than twenty miles distant from the camp. Nothing could be more simple than the manner in which the Meerza travelled. He rode a mule, the trappings of which were perfectly à la dervische. He had a servant, who carried a cloak-bag, and his calean (pipe). He had a groom who led a sumpter mule, that carried some articles of refreshment, and common small carpets; and he had his own favorite personal servant, who was at once his secretary, his amanuensis, and humble friend. The Meerza's conversation on the road was delightful; it was a constant effusion of portions of history, anecdote, and recital of beautiful poetry, much of which was from the poems of his late uncle, Meerza Hossein. The country we passed through fully justified a recollection of those lines of Shakspeare, in the second part of *Henry the Fourth*:—

"I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire;
"These high wild hills, and rough, uneven ways,
"Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome;
"And yet our fair discourse has been as sugar,
"Making the hard way sweet and delectable."

About two o'clock we reached the village of Bosmech, at the end of which there is a little grove of Lombardy poplars, along one side of which, or rather at the foot of it a beautiful little stream of the purest water passes. Here the Meerza said, "What say you to dismounting and resting ourselves and our beasts under the pleasant shade of these trees?" It was so agreed, and after pitching on a beautiful spot for spreading the carpets, there appeared in a very short time from the Meerza's sumpter mule a nice cold collation, consisting of partridge, excellent cheese, fruit, fine bread, and water-cresses gathered fresh on the spot; and added to this, I must say, the Meerza's coffee, and the tobacco of his calean, were exquisite. There was a degree of devotion in the Meerza's grace before he began to eat, and an expression of thankfulness and thanksgiving in that which he uttered after, that were particularly striking, and to me, who knew him so well, I may say affecting; and it was in perfect keeping with this, that whilst we were smoking our caleans, he began to say how little he wanted in this world, and how much he thanked God for having taken from his eyes all love of wealth; to which circumstance alone he ascribed his having been able safely to weather all the dreadful political storms he had met with. When we had finished our caleans, he stretched himself out at his length on the carpet, and fell fast asleep. I do not envy the man who could contemplate such a spectacle as this with indifference. Here was a great Minister of a great Empire, who could command

"The perfum'd chambers of the great,
"—The canopies of costly state,
"—With sounds of sweetest melody,
"—And all appliances and means to boot,"

sleeping, and sleeping soundly, with just the same "appliances" that were enjoyed by the commonest servant of our train. It was not long after my friend had fallen asleep, that the villagers of Bosmech, having heard where the *Great Man* was, came out in a body to compliment him, and to beseech him to honor the village with his presence. I acquainted the principal person of the procession, that the Meerza was asleep, and they immediately postponed their visit till the evening was far advanced, and the Meerza awoke. When this happened, it was the time for the Prayer of Aeser, and I was rather surprised to see his servant lay for him one of the most beautiful prayer carpets I ever saw in my life. The Meerza saw I looked rather astonished, and he said, "this is the only luxury I indulge in; this carpet is spread before God. It is perfectly *halal*,"* for it is purchased with money earned by my own hands."

An Awful Present.—Mohammed Nebee Khan, a Persian Ambassador to one of the Indian Presidences, sent Mr. Duncan, the Governor, a copy of the King of Persia's Poems. Mr. Duncan was rather puzzled what

* Meats and other things, according to the Mohammedan religion, are divided into *Halal* and *Haram*, (i. e. lawful and forbidden.)

present to make the Ambassador in return; after some reflection, he sent him a large paper copy of *Denon's Travels in Egypt*. This the Ambassador returned, and intimated to Mr. Duncan, that the present he had made him of the king of Persia's poems could not be estimated at less value than 100,000 rupees, which was a pretty broad *avis au lecteur*, that his Excellency expected to receive something very different from *Denon's Travels*, however highly the work might be valued by the literary world in Europe. Mr. Duncan, perceiving the scrape he had got into, sent to assure the Ambassador, that being now aware of the value of the present which had been made to him, he could not think of robbing the Ambassador of a thing he so highly prized, and, therefore hoped the Ambassador would allow him to return it. To consent to this was no part of the Ambassador's game, and he gave Mr. Duncan to understand, that to return the poetry of the king of Persia, would be an affront of sufficient magnitude to endanger the amicable intercourse between the two states; the force therefore ended by Mohammed Nebee obtaining from Mr. Duncan a present in money, equal to about one-fifth of the price at which he had valued his sovereign's poetical effusions.

New Duties of a Secretary.—General Gardanne, on his introduction to Mohammed Ally Meerza, had presented him with a very fine pair of rifle-barrelled pistols, made at Paris, the barrels of which the General assured the Prince, were worked with such nicety, that a ball delivered from them, would fly to the distance of twenty yards, so true as to strike invariably the centre of a piastre, a piece about the size of our half-crown. The Prince had received the General in a room which opened to a large walled court, and from the spot where his highness was seated to the wall, was pretty much the distance for which the general had vaunted the precision of his pistols. As soon as he was dismissed, the Prince turning to his secretary, who was standing by him, said, "Come, let's try the Frenchman's pistols; go and hold out your hand against the wall." The astonished and trembling Secretary, after some remonstrance, found himself obliged to obey, and stand the shot. The Prince fired, and fortunately missed the mark.

An overwhelming argument.—When some beautifully made wheelbarrows were placed before the Prince Royal, one of the Persian noblemen (who always affect to despise European improvement) said: "This is all mighty well, but it will consume a considerable space of time to empty these wheelbarrows."—Sir James Sutherland said to him, "Indeed, Sir, it will not;—and if you only get into the wheelbarrow, I will show you it will not."—The Prince insisted on his making the experiment. Sir James trundled him away at a quick rate; and approaching a muddy part of the square, he gave the wheelbarrow a cant, and turned, to the great entertainment of the Prince and the spectators, the Persian Khan into the mud.

DREAMING BY SYSTEM.

THIS striking passage is from Mr. Bulwer's new work, "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," his best work, according to the author. We cannot think so, having the memory of some his novels so strong upon us. We like him best, we own, when he is wholly narrating and painting character, not when he is indulging in fancies and metaphysics; though whatever he writes is sure to include passages of great beauty and eloquence, and to furnish matter for reflection. We only wish he would not throw over so much of it an air of half-belief, and of fashionable compromise with doubt and misgiving, or at best, a strange mixture of encouragement with despair! Mr. Bulwer cannot misgive his world and his own human nature, and yet at the same time be taken by his readers for one whose genius is not to be doubted, and whose encouragements are to have their full effect. He is a very accomplished and admirable person; but God and Fashion are no more to be served together, in one sense, than God and Mammon.

The work is beautifully printed and embellished, with landscapes, new and old, and some fairy scenes from the pencil of Mr. McClise, truly fairy-like and fantastic, a mixture of the quaint and voluptuous.

"Speaking of dreams," said Trevelyman, as they pursued that mysterious subject, "I once during my former residence in Germany, fell in with a singular enthusiast, who had taught himself what he termed, 'A System of Dreaming.' When he first spoke to me upon it I asked him to explain what he meant, which he did somewhat in the following words:—

"I was born," said he, "with many of the sentiments of the poet, but without the language to express them; my feelings were constantly chilled by the intercourse of the actual world. My family, mere Germans, dull and unimpassioned, had nothing in common with me; nor did I out of my family find those with whom I could better sympathise. I was revolted by friendships—for they were susceptible for every change; I was disappointed in love—for the truth never approached to my ideal. Nursed early in the lap of romance, enamoured

of the wild and the adventurous, the commonplaces of life were to me inexpressibly tame and joyless. And yet indolence, which belongs to the poetical character, was more inviting than that eager and uncontented action which can alone wring enterprise from life. Meditation was my natural element. I loved to spend the noon reclined by some shady stream, and in a half sleep to shape images from the glancing sunbeams; a dim and unreal order of philosophy, that belongs to our nation, was my favourite intellectual pursuit. And I sought amongst the obscure and the recondite the variety of emotion I could find not in the familiar. Thus constantly watching the operations of the inner mind, it occurred to me at last, that sleep having its own world, but as yet a rude and fragmentary one, it might be possible to shape from its chaos, all those combinations of beauty, of power, of glory, and of love, which were denied to me in the world in which my frame walked and had its being. So soon as this idea came upon me, I nursed, and cherished, and mused over it, till I found that the imagination began to effect the miracle I desired. By brooding ardently, intensely, before I retired to rest, over an especial train of thought, over any ideal creations; by keeping the body utterly still and quiescent during the whole day; by shutting out all living adventure, the memory of which might perplex and interfere with the stream of events that I desired to pour forth into the wilds of sleep, I discovered at last, that I could lead in dreams a life solely their own, and utterly distinct from the life of day. Towers and palaces, all my heritage, rose before me from the depths of night; I quaffed from jewelled cups the Falernian of imperial vaults; music from harps of celestial tone filled up the crevices of air; and the smiles of immortal beauty flushed like sunlight over all. Thus the adventure and the glory, that I could not for my waking life obtain, was obtained for me in sleep. I wandered with the gryphon and the gnome; I sounded the horn at enchanted portals; I conquered in the knightly lists; I planted my standard over battlements huge as the painter's birth of Babylon itself.

"But I was afraid to call forth one shape on whose loveliness to pour all the hidden passion of my soul. I trembled lest my sleep should present me some image which it could never restore, and, waking from which, even the new world I had created might be left desolate for ever. I shuddered lest I should adore a vision which the first ray of morning could smite to the grave.

"In this train of mind I began to ponder whether it might not be possible to connect dreams together; to supply the thread that was wanting; to make one night continue the history of the other, so as to bring together the same shapes and the same scenes, and thus lead a connected and harmonious life, not only in the one half of existence, but in the other, the richer and more glorious, half. No sooner did this idea present itself to me, than I burned to accomplish it. I had before taught myself that Faith is the great creator; that to believe fervently is to make belief true. So I would not suffer my mind to doubt the practicability of its scheme. I shut myself up then entirely by day, refused books, and hated the very sun, and compelled all my thoughts (and sleep is the mirror of thought) to glide in one direction, the direction of my dreams, so that from night to night the imagination might keep up the thread of action, and I might thus lie down full of the past dream and confident of the sequel. Not for one day only, or for one month, did I pursue this system, but I continued it zealously and sternly, till at length it began to succeed. Who shall tell," cried the enthusiast,—"I see him now with his deep, bright, sunken eyes, and his wild hair thrown backward from his brow. 'the rapture I experienced, when first, faintly and half distinct, I perceived the harmony I had invoked dawn upon my dreams. At first there was only a partial and desultory connection between them; my eye recognized certain shapes; my ear certain tones common to each; by degrees, these augmented in number, and were more defined in outline. At length, one fair face broke forth from among the ruder forms, and night after night appeared mixing with them for a moment and then vanishing, just as a mariner watches in a clouded sky the moon shining through the drifting rack, and quickly gone. My curiosity was now vividly excited, the face with its lustrous eyes and seraph features, roused all the emotions that no living shape had called forth. I became enamoured of a dream, and as the statue to the Cyprian was my creation to me; so from this intent and increasing passion, I at length worked out my reward. My dream became more palpable; I spoke with it; I knelt to it; my lips were pressed to its own; we exchanged the vows of love, and morning only separated us with the certainty that at night we should meet again. Thus then" continued my visionary, "I commenced a history utterly separate from the history of the world, and it went on alternately with my harsh and chilling history of the day, equally regular and equally continuous. And what, you ask, was that history? Methought I was a prince in some southern island that had no features in common with the colder north of my native home. By day I looked upon the dull walls of a German town, and saw homely or squalid forms passing before me; the sky was dim and the sun cheerless. Night came on with her thousand stars, and brought me the dews of sleep. Then suddenly there was a new world; the richest fruits hung from the trees in clusters of gold and purple. Palaces of the quaint fashion of the sunnier climes, with spiral minarets and glittering cupolas, were mirrored upon vast lakes sheltered by the palm tree and

banana. The sun seemed of a different orb, so mellow and gorgeous were his beams; birds and winged things of all hues fluttered in the shining air; the faces and garments of men were not of the northern regions of the world, and their voices spoke a tongue, which strange at first, by degrees I interpreted. Sometimes I made war upon neighbouring kings; sometimes I chased the spotted pard through the vast gloom of oriental forests; my life was at once a life of enterprize and pomp. But above all there was the history of my love! I thought there were a thousand difficulties in the way of attaining its possession. Many were the rocks I had to scale, and the battles to wage, and the fortresses to storm in order to win her as my bride. But at last," continued the enthusiast "she is won, she is my own! Time in this wild world, which I visit nightly, passes not so slowly as in this, and yet an hour may be the same as a year. This continuity of existence, this successive series of dreams, so different from the broken incoherence of other men's sleep, at times bewilders me with strange and suspicious thoughts. What if this glorious sleep be real life, and this dull waking the true repose? Why not? What is there more fanciful in the one than in the other? And there have I garnered and collected all of pleasure that I am capable of feeling. I see no joy in this world—I form no ties, I feast not, nor love, nor make merry,—I am only impatient till the hour when I may re-enter my royal realms and pour my renewed delight into the bosom of my bright ideal. There then have I found all that the world denied me; there have I realized the yearning and aspiration within me; there have I coined the untold poetry into the felt—the seen!"

"I found," continued Trevylyan, "that this tale was corroborated by inquiry into the visionary's habits. He shunned society; avoided all unnecessary movement or excitement. He fared with rigid abstinence, and only appeared to feel pleasure as the day departed, and the hour of return to his imaginary kingdom approached. He always retired to rest punctually at a certain hour, and would sleep so soundly, that a cannon fired under his window would not arouse him. He never, which may seem singular, spoke or moved much in his sleep, but was peculiarly calm, almost to the appearance of lifelessness; but, discovering once that he had been watched in sleep, he was wont afterwards carefully to secure the chamber from intrusion. His victory over the natural incoherence of sleep had, when I first knew him, lasted for some years; possibly what imagination first produced was afterwards continued by habit.

I saw him again a few months subsequent to this confession, and he seemed to be much changed. His health was broken, and his abstraction had deepened into gloom.

I questioned him of the cause of the alteration, and he answered me with great reluctance—

"She is dead," said he, "my realms are desolate! A serpent stung her, and she died in these very arms. Vainly, when I started from my sleep in horror and despair, vainly did I say to myself,—This is but a dream. I shall see her again. A vision cannot die! Hath it flesh that decays? is it not a spirit—bodiless—indissoluble? With what terrible anxiety I awaited the night. Again I slept, and the dream lay again before me—dead and withered. Even the ideal can vanish. I assisted in the burial; I laid her in the earth; I heaped the monumental mockery over her form. And never since hath she, or aught like her, revisited my dreams. I see her only when I wake; thus, to wake is indeed to dream! But," continued the visionary, in a solemn voice, "I feel myself departing from this world, and with a fearful joy; for I think there may be a land beyond even the land of sleep, where I shall see her again,—a land in which a vision itself may be restored."

And in truth, concluded Trevylyan, the dreamer died shortly afterwards, suddenly, and in his sleep.

"There are singular varieties in life," said Vane, who had heard the latter part of Trevylyan's story; "and could the German have bequeathed to us his art—what a refuge should we not possess from the ills of earth! The dungeon and disease, poverty, affliction, shame, would cease to be the tyrants of our lot; and to sleep, we should confine our history and transfer our emotions."

"But most of all," said Trevylyan, "would it be a science worth learning to the poet, whose very nature is a pining for the ideal—for that which earth has not—for that which the dreamer found. Ah, Gertrude," whispered the lover, "what his kingdom and his bride were to him, art thou to me!"

LEGENDS OF IRELAND.

[From the third number (just published) of "Lays and Legends of Various Nations," a welcome monthly publication; which increases in value as it proceeds. The present number contains several original communications from Mr. Crofton Croker and others.]

MIND YOUR OWN FAULTS.

A gentleman riding along the road, passed by a *knock*, (a field of furze) in which a man was stubbing; and for every stroke he gave with his hoe, he cried out in a reproachful tone, "Oh! Adam!" The gentleman stopped his horse, and calling the labourer to him, inquired the reason of his saying "Oh! Adam!"

"Why, please your honour," said the man, "only for Adam I would have no occasion to labour at all; had he and Eve been less curious, none of us need earn our bread in the sweat of our brow."

"Very good," said the gentleman; "call at my house to-morrow."

The man waited on him the next day, and the gentleman took him into a splendid apartment, adjoining a most beautiful garden, and asked him would he wish to live there? The son of Adam replied in the affirmative. "Very well," said the gentleman, "you shall want for nothing. Breakfast, dinner, and supper of the choicest viands, shall be laid before you every day, and you may amuse yourself in the garden whenever you please. But mind you are to enjoy all this on one condition, that you look not under the pewter plate that lies on the table."

The man was overjoyed at his good fortune, and thought that there was little fear of his forfeiting it by looking under the pewter plate. In a week or two, however, he grew curious to know what could be under the plate which he was prohibited from seeing. Perhaps a jewel of inestimable value, and perhaps nothing at all. One day, when no person was present, he thought he would take a peep—there could be no harm in it—no one would know it: and accordingly, he raised the forbidden plate—when lo! a little mouse jumped from under it; he quickly laid it down again, but his doom was sealed. "Begone to your hoeing," said the gentleman next day, "and cry oh! Adam! no more, since like him, you have lost a paradise by disobedience."

THE ROAD THE PLATES WENT.

At some distance from Castle Taylor, in the county of Galway, is a round fort called the Palace of Dunderlass, where it is said Goora, king of Connaught, resided; there is not, however, the least vestige of any dwelling place; this palace was near a celebrated city called Adrahan. It is now but a village; tradition, however, mentions it to have been formerly very extensive. If the road, leading to the town, can enable us to form any idea of its extent, the remains of that which led to this, would induce us to believe that it was twice larger than the present road; except that there was an avenue of trees planted on each side, it is not easy to determine to what use it was converted. This road is called in Irish, *Boherlan da naa minis*—the road the plates went; and the story from which the name originated is odd enough.

Saint Macduagh, the king's brother, had retired to the mountains, to pray with a friar: when they had remained two days there, the friar was not so much occupied by devotion, but he felt the grumbings of his stomach, from time to time; this made him murmur, and he said to the saint, "I beg your Sainthood's pardon, but I believe you brought me here to die of hunger; your brother Goora gives a feast to his court to-day; I had rather be there than here."

"Oh! man of little faith," replied the Saint, "do you think I brought you here to die of hunger?" And he immediately began to pray more fervently than ever.

On a sudden the friar was agreeably surprised to see an excellent dinner before him. And when King Goora and his nobles returned from hunting, very hungry, they were very much surprised at seeing their plates and tables fly away! On this occasion, they did what every person might do who saw his dinner fly away; the cook with his spit, the servants and grooms, the dogs and cats, accompanied the king and his court, either on foot or horseback, and ran as fast as they could after the plates.

The dinner, however, arrived an entire quarter of an hour before them, and the friar, who had just begun to satisfy his appetite, was terrified at seeing such a crowd ready to snatch the bit from his mouth. He complained to the saint again, telling him it were better to give him nothing to eat, than to get him knocked on the head by the hungry attendants of the court of Goora.

"Oh, man of little faith," said the saint, "let them come." They soon arrived, and when they got within thirty paces of the friar, the saint put them in the most disagreeable situation any decent people can be in: he made their feet stick to the rock, and obliged them to look on at the friar's repast.

They still shew in the rock the marks of the horses' hoofs, of the men, dogs, &c., and even of the lances which were also stuck in the rock, for fear they should take it in their heads to throw them at the friar. As these marks are visible, there can be no doubt of the truth of the story, and since this time, the road has been and is still called "*The road the plates went.*"

"Oh, mighty saint, Macduagh!" adds the narrator, a French gentleman, whom the revolution had compelled to emigrate, and who wandered through the United Kingdoms, recording his adventures with his national gaiety—a gaiety by which touches of true pathos can be alone conveyed; "Oh, mighty Saint Macduagh, how much I should be obliged to your sainthood, if you deigned to repeat this miracle from time to time in favour of a poor pilgrim like me!"

THE WISE WOMEN OF MUNGRET.

About two miles west of the city of Limerick, is an inconsiderable ruin, called Mungret. This ruin is all that remains of a monastic establishment, said to have contained within its walls six churches, and, exclusive of scholars, fifteen hundred monks.

Of these monks, five hundred were learned preachers—five hundred more were so classed and divided as to support a full choir day and night—and the remaining

five hundred, being the elders of the brotherhood, devoted themselves to religion and charitable works.

An anecdote is related of this priory, which is worth preserving, because it gave rise to a proverbial expression, retained in the country to the present day, "as wise as the women of Mungret."

A deputation was sent from the college at Cashel, to this famous seminary at Mungret, in order to try their skill in the languages. The heads of the house of Mungret were somewhat alarmed, lest their scholars should receive a defeat, and their reputation be lessened—they therefore thought of a most humorous expedient to prevent the contest, which succeeded to their wishes. They habited some of their young students like women, and some of the monks like peasants, in which dresses they walked a few miles to meet the strangers at some distance from each other. When the Cashel professors approached and asked any question about the distance of Mungret, or the time of day, they were constantly answered in Greek or Latin; which occasioned them to hold a conference, and determine not to expose themselves at a place, where even the women and peasants could speak Greek and Latin.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

ABSTRACT OF THE LIFE OF HIM BY LORD WOODHOUSELEE.

JAMES CRICHTON was born in the year 1561. He was the eldest son of Robert Crichton, of Elick, who filled the important office of Lord Advocate of Scotland, first to Queen Mary, and afterwards to King James. The mother of Crichton was Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of Sir James Stewart of Beath. His family was noble, and high in various offices.

The young Crichton having received the rudiments of his grammatical education at Perth, or according to another authority at Edinburgh, was sent to improve himself in philosophy and the sciences at St. Andrews, at that time the most celebrated and learned seminary in Scotland. The rank and fortune of his father enabled him to give his son, who was already remarkable for the early maturity of his talents and the beauty of his person, the instruction of the most learned men of the time. His masters were Klutherford, Provost of St. Salvador's College, Hepburn, Robertson, and, at a later period, Buchanan, one of the most illustrious scholars at that time in Europe. The progress of Crichton was suitable to the eminence of his instructors, and to the celebrity which he was afterwards destined to acquire. In the year 1573, when he had hardly passed his twelfth year, he took his degree as bachelor of arts; and in two years afterwards, such appear to have been his high attainments in the different branches of scholastic knowledge, that he received his degree, as master of arts, at the very early age of fourteen.

The different students in the University of St. Andrews were at this time, previous to their taking their degrees as masters of arts, divided into what were termed circles, according to the talents and proficiency which they exhibited in the examinations which preceded the taking their degrees. The first circle comprehended those of the very highest attainments in the University. The second, those whose proficiency, although eminent, was not so comparatively conspicuous, and so on through the different divisions of talent. It is a remarkable circumstance, as it establishes the great and early endowments of Crichton, that at the age of fourteen he takes his degree of master of arts in the first circle, being the third in the circle, that is being in talents and attainments the third scholar at that time in the University; a circumstance which, if we consider the early age of Crichton, sufficiently proves the strength and precocity of those talents which were afterwards to figure so conspicuously upon a wider field in Italy.

Having evinced this extraordinary proficiency, Crichton does not appear to have imagined that his labours were to finish with the honours he had there won, or that the period of study was in any respect concluded. His success only increased his ardour; and the labours of those early and boyish years were repaid, as in the case of Pascal and Clairault, by attainments which would have been remarkable in a scholar of the most advanced age, and the most laborious application. He soon accomplished himself in the various branches of the science and philosophy of the times; and, by the force of natural talents, assisted, as they must have been, by intense application, acquired the use of ten different languages. At this period, and, indeed, till a much later date, it was the custom for our Scottish gentlemen to finish their education by foreign travel, to acquire, in the army, and in an intercourse with foreign camps and courts, that military and political knowledge, which might afterwards render them serviceable in the wars and the councils of their country. Crichton was accordingly sent by his father to the continent, at a very early age, probably in his sixteenth or seventeenth year. The purpose of his going abroad was, not only to improve himself by the sight of different countries, and to display, as was the custom in these times, the extent of his erudition in the public disputations which were then extremely common in the universities of the continent, but also to finish his education in the schools of France and Italy.

The young Crichton had not, as we have already seen, been ungrateful to nature for those early talents with which he was intrusted. He had laboured to increase,

by every effort of his own, his acquisitions in knowledge and science; and nature had, in return, been prodigal to him of those gifts, which no individual exertion can command. She had given him a form, which, while it was active and powerful, was remarkable for its admirable symmetry and proportion; and a countenance which, from the account of all who had seen him, was a model of manly and intelligent beauty. To these endowments was united a most remarkable quickness and aptitude in the acquirement of all the elegant accomplishments which were fitted to exhibit his person to the greatest advantage, and in which the young Scottish nobility of the day were educated. The same ardent desire of excellence, and enthusiastic perseverance of cultivation, which had led him on to eminence in his severer studies, contributed to render him equally superior to his youthful compeers in all the martial exercises of that chivalrous age. The science of the sword was, at this time, most sedulously cultivated, both in our own country and on the continent. It was the weapon to which all appeals of honour were made; and its professors (for to this high appellation its teachers aspired) affected to elucidate its different branches, and demonstrate its various rules and evolutions, by the application of geometrical principles. Crichton became one of the most expert and fearless swordsmen of his time. He rode with consummate grace and boldness; and in the gentler accomplishment of dancing, upon excellence in which, even in our own days, (if we may believe a noble author), so many grave and serious consequences depend, he is recorded to have been a very admirable proficient. To these various attractions there was added still another, which, in the pleasure it was calculated to bestow, was not inferior to any that has been mentioned—a strong genius for music. He had, from nature, a sweet and finely modulated voice; and had attained to great excellence in performing upon a variety of musical instruments. They who are enthusiastic in this delightful science, and who have felt the deep and inexplicable influence which it possesses over our nature, will not be at a loss to estimate the power which his skill in music must have given to the young and handsome Crichton, in attracting esteem and commanding admiration.

Thus fairly and excellently endowed, Crichton set out upon his travels, and directed his course first to Paris, eminent, at that period, not only for the distinguished learning of its public professors and scholars, but for the splendour and gaiety of its court. It was the custom in those days, both in France and in other continental countries, to hold public disputations, in which the learned men of the age contended with each other on the most abstruse questions of the science and philosophy of the times. To Crichton, no fairer opportunity could be presented than what these public disputations offered, for obtaining distinction. He had already accomplished himself in the studies which furnished the topics of discussion. He had acquired the use of many both of the dead and living languages; and he possessed the manners and figure, not of a pedant who had immured himself in the cloisters of his college, but of a finished gentleman, who had made books not so much his task as his recreation. Soon after his arrival in Paris, he, accordingly, in obedience to the custom of the times, affixed placards, or challenges to literary and philosophic warfare, on the most conspicuous parts of the city, engaging that, at the expiration of six weeks from the date of the notice, he should present himself at the College of Navarre, to answer upon whatever subject should be there proposed to him, "in any science, liberal art, discipline, or faculty, whether practical or theoretic; and this in any one of twelve specified languages. A challenge of this nature, from so young a person, to dispute with the most profound and learned scholars in France, could not fail to excite astonishment; and it was pretty generally expected, that the stranger would decline the contest, under the pretence that his challenge was nothing more than a piquinade against the University. The disputation, however, took place. Crichton, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators, presented himself in this eminent seminary, encountered in argument the gravest philosophers and divines, who had assembled on the occasion, acquitted himself to the astonishment of all who heard him, and received the public praises and congratulations of the president and four of the most eminent professors in the University.

But what seemed particularly to increase his triumph, and to embitter the defeat of those who attempted to cope with him, was the light and easy negligence, and the utter contempt of preparation, which he evinced before the contest. The court of Henry the Third of France was, at this time, one of the most gay and gallant in Europe. In the midst of national distresses, which might have sobered any reflecting monarch, and civil commotions which embroiled the country, the whole mind of the sovereign seemed to be occupied in the invention of the most expensive shews, and the arrangement of the most magnificent public festivals. Tourneys, where the knights jostled against each other,—courses at the ring,—tilting against the Saracen, and many other gallant amusements, accompanied with all the pomp and circumstance of chivalry, were at this time the favourite occupations of the king; and it is easy to imagine how acceptable such public shews must have been, to the genius and disposition of Crichton. In the feats of arms which there led to distinction, he was calculated, both by the natural beauty of his figure, and the uncommon skill which he had acquired, to outstrip most of his competitors; we need not therefore wonder,

if, instead of betaking himself to his study, he shone pre-eminent in all the gay amusements and elegant accomplishments of the age. He was to be found in the ball-room, in the hunting-field, in the riding-house; and, the day after that in which he had astonished the most learned and able professors, by a display of such universal talent and erudition, he appeared, with all the fire and freshness of youth, at a tilting match in the Louvre; and here, with consummate skill and address, in presence of many of the ladies and princes of the court of France, he carried off the ring from every competitor, and remained victor in that martial accomplishment which was then so ardently cultivated in this country of chivalry.

He became now anxious to accomplish himself as a soldier; and for this purpose, although his design of travelling to Italy rendered any long continuance in it impossible, he entered into the French service, where he became, after serving for two years in the civil wars, which at that time depopulated France, an experienced officer, and rose to an honourable command in the French army.

After two years residence in France, Crichton determined to continue his travels into Italy, at this time the centre from which all that was most remarkable in philosophy, in literature, and in the fine arts, had emanated throughout Europe. He first travelled to Rome; where, emboldened by his success in France, and in obedience to the manners of this age of literary rivalry, he took an early opportunity of publishing a similar challenge, to that which he circulated in Paris: and, on a day appointed, in presence of the Pope and many of the different cardinals, with a numerous audience, amongst which were many of the most learned men of the times, he presented himself to vindicate the pledge which he had given; and, as we are told by his biographer, again astonished and delighted the spectators, by the display of the most universal talents.

After a short residence at Rome, he next repaired to Venice, where he made the acquaintance of Aldus, the famous printer. At Venice he astonished every body as he had done elsewhere. The following is an account of him by an anonymous native author:—

"The Scotchman," says this unknown writer, "whose name is James Crichton, is a young man of twenty years of age upon the 19th of August last. He is distinguished by a birth-mark, or mole, beneath his right eye. He is master of ten languages. These are, Latin and Italian, in which he is excellently skilled; Greek, in which he has composed epigrams; Hebrew, Chaldaic, Spanish, French, Flemish, English and Scotch; and he is also acquainted with the German. He is deeply skilled in philosophy, in theology, and in astrology; in which science he holds all the calculations of the present day to be erroneous. On philosophical and theological questions, he has frequently disputed with very able men, to the astonishment of all who have heard him. He possesses a most thorough knowledge of the Cabala. His memory is so astonishing, that he knows not what it is to forget; and, whenever he has once heard an oration he is ready to recite it again, word for word, as it was delivered. He possesses the talent of composing Latin verses, upon any subject which is proposed to him, and in every different kind of metre. Such is his memory, that even though these verses have been extempore, he will repeat them backwards, beginning from the last word in the verse. His orations are unpremeditated and beautiful. He is also able to discourse upon political questions with much solidity. In his person he is extremely beautiful. His address is that of a finished gentleman, even to a wonder; and his manner, in conversation, the most gracious which can be imagined. He is, in addition to this, a soldier at all points, (*soldato a tutta botta*), and has, for two years, sustained an honourable command in the wars of France. He has attained to great excellence in the accomplishments of leaping and dancing, and to a remarkable skill in the use of every sort of arms; of which he has already given proofs. He is a remarkable horseman, and breaker of horses, and an admirable joust, (*giostatore singolare*). His extraction is noble; indeed, by the mother's side, regal; for he is allied to the royal family of the Stuarts. Upon the great question of the procession of the Holy Spirit, he has held disputations with the Greeks, which were received with the highest applause; and, in these conferences, has exhibited an incalculable mass of authorities, both from the Greek and Latin Fathers, and also from the decisions of the different councils. The same exuberance is shewn, when he discourses upon subjects of philosophy or theology; in which he has all Aristotle and the commentators at his finger ends (*alle mani*). St Thomas and Duns Scotus, with their different disciples, the Thomists and Scotists, he has all by heart, and is ready to dispute on either side; which talent he has already exhibited with the most distinguished success: and, indeed, such is his facility upon these subjects, that he has never disputed, unless upon matters which were proposed to him by others. The Doge and his consort were pleased to hear him; and, upon doing so, testified the utmost amazement. He also received a present from the hands of his Serene Highness. Upon the whole, he is a wonder of wonders; in so much so, that the possession of such various and astonishing talents, united in a body so gracefully formed, and of so sanguine and amiable a temperament, has given rise to many strange and chimerical conjectures. He has, at present, retired from town to a villa, to extend two thousand conclusions, embracing questions in all the different faculties, which he means, within the space of two months, to sustain and defend in Venice, in the church of St. John and St.

Paul;—not being able to give his attention both to his own studies and to the wishes of those persons who would eagerly devote the whole day to hear him."

At Padua, Crichton flew in the face of the University, and dismayed it. From Padua, he proceeded to Mantua. "There happened, at this time, to be at the court of Mantua, a certain Italian gentleman," saith the quaint Urquhart, "of a mighty, able, strong, nimble, and vigorous body; but, by nature, fierce, cruel, warlike, and audacious, and superlatively expert and dexterous in the use of his weapon." Flated by his uncommon skill, and rendered haughty by continual victory, this gentleman had chosen for himself a very singular profession—that of a travelling gladiator, or bravo. His custom was, on his arrival in any city, to challenge all who chose to try their skill with him in single combat; he himself laying down a certain sum of money, and his opponent the same, with the proviso, that the united purses should be the meed of the conqueror. On his arrival at Mantua, three gentlemen had speedily accepted his challenge; and such was the uncommon skill of their opponent, that all had paid the penalty of their rashness with their lives. Their deaths were the subject of universal regret at the court of Mantua; and this feeling became the more poignant, on account of the ungenerous exultation of the Italian; in whom, contrary to what we generally find in brave men, there appear to have been united the three extremes of courage, cruelty, and insolence.

Crichton, disregarding the danger he underwent, unappalled by the fate of his precursors in the enterprise, and perhaps confident, from having witnessed their attempts, of his own superior skill, determined to exchange the peaceful encounters in which he had astonished the Italians, for a combat of a more desperate kind. He, accordingly, sent a challenge to this formidable antagonist, and encountered him, before the assembled court of Mantua. It is easy to imagine, when we take into consideration the extraordinary popularity of this young foreigner, his amiable manners, and various and uncommon endowments, the very high interest which such a single combat must have excited. It was the struggle of the brutal courage of a professional duellist, against the high-spirited and chivalrous bravery of an accomplished gentleman; and the result was equally glorious to him here, as upon all other occasions. After a contest, in which he, at first, acted on the defensive, and evinced the most consummate skill in foiling the attacks, and at length completely exhausting the strength of his antagonist, he dexterously seized the advantage, became the assailant, and obtained an easy victory; putting the Italian to death, by thrice passing his sword through his body.

In consequence of this achievement, and the high reputation he had required in Italy, the Duke of Mantua engaged him as the companion and preceptor to his son, Vincenzo di Gonzaga, a young man who had evinced a strong passion for literature, but was otherwise of a passionate temper and dissolute manners.

Dramatic entertainments were the rage at the court of Mantua, and Crichton was not behind hand here. For the entertainment of his pupil, the prince, and the whole court, Crichton composed a sort of satirical monologue, in which he himself performed fourteen different characters.

But let us listen for a moment to the inimitable language with which this story is clothed by Sir Thomas Urquhart.—"O, with how great liveliness did he represent the condition of all manner of men! how naturally did he set before the eyes of the beholders the rogueries of all professions, from the over-weening monarch to the peevish swain, through all the intermediate degrees of the superficial courtier, or proud warrior, dissembled churchman, doting old man, cozening lawyer, lying traveller, covetous merchant, rude seaman, pedantic scholar, amorous shepherd, envious artisan, vain-glorious master, and tricky servant! He did with such variety display the several humours of all these sorts of people, and with so bewitching energy, that he seemed to be the original, they the counterfeit; and they the resemblance whereof he was the prototype. He had all the jeers, squibs, bulls, quips, taunts, whims, jest, clenches, gibes, mokes, jerks, with all the several kinds of equivocations, and other sophistical captions, that could properly be adapted to the person by whose representation he had intended to inveigle the company into mirth; and would keep, in that miscellany discourse of his, which was all for the spleen, and nothing for the gall, such a climacterical and mercurially digested method, that, when the fancy of the hearers was tickled with any rare conceit, and that the jovial blood was moved, he held it going with another new device upon the back of the first, and another, yet another, and another again, succeeding one another, for the premoval of what is a stirring into a higher agitation, till, in the closure of the luxuriant period, the decumantal wave of the oddest whimsy of all, enforced the charmed spirits of the auditory (for affording room to his apprehension) suddenly to burst forth into a laughter; which commonly lasted so long, as he had leisure to withdraw behind the screen, shift off, with the help of a page, the suite he had on, apparel himself with another, and return to the stage to act afresh; for, by that time, their transported, disappled, and sublimated fancies, by the wonderfully operating engines of his soacious inventions, had, from the height to which the inward screws, wheels, and pulleys of his wit had elevated them, descended, by degrees, into their wonted stations, he was ready for the personating of another carriage, whereof, to the number of fourteen several kinds, (during the five hours' space, at

the duke's desire, the solicitation of the court, and his own recreation, he was pleased to histrionize it,) he shewed himself so natural a representative, that any would have thought he had been so many several actors, different in all things else, save only the stature of the body. *—First, he did present himself with a crown on his head, a sceptre in his hand, being clothed with a purple robe, furred with ermine; after that with a mitre on his head, a crosier in his hand, and accoutred with a pair of lawn sleeves; and thereafter, with a helmet on his head, the visor up, a commanding stick in his hand, and arrayed in a buff suit, with a scarf about his middle. Then, in a rich apparel, after the newest fashion, he did shew himself like another Sejanus, with a periwig daubed with Cypress powder; in sequel of that, he came out with a three cornered cap on his head, some parchments in his hand, and writings hanging at his girdle, like chancery bills; and next to that, with a furred gown about him, an ingot of gold in his hand, and a bag full of money at his side; after all this, he appears again clad in a country jacket, with a prong in his hand, and a Monmouth-like cap on his head; then, very shortly after, with a palmer's coat on him, a bourdon in his hand, and some few cockle shells stuck to his hat, he looked as if he had come in pilgrimage from St. Michael; immediately after that, he domineers it in a bare unlined gowne, with a paire of whips in the one hand, and Corderius in the other; and in suite thereof he honderspended it with a pair of panter-like breeches, a montera cap on his head, and a knife in a wooden sheath, dagger-ways, by his side; about the latter end he comes forth again, with a square in one hand, a rule in the other, and a leathern apron before him; then, very quickly after, with a scrip by his side, a sheep-hook in his hand, and a basket full of flowers to make nosegays for his mistress: and now, drawing to a closure, he rants it, first, in *cuerpo*, and vapouring it with jingling spurs, and his arms a-kenbol, like a Don Diego, he struts it, and, by the loftiness of his gait, plays the Capitano Spavento; then, in the very twinking of an eye, you would have seen him again issue forth with a cloak upon his arm, in a livery garment, thereby representing the serving man: and lastly, at one time, amongst those other, he came out with a long grey beard and puckered ruff, crouching on a staff tipt with the head of a barber's cithern, and his gloves hanging by a button at his girdle."

Crichton's brilliant career was, however, brought to an untimely, and most premature conclusion. "When walking one night through the streets of Mantua, returning from a visit which he had paid to his mistress, and playing, as he went along, upon his guitar, he found himself suddenly attacked by a riotous company of persons in masks, whom, with that skill and activity for which he was so remarkable, he soon foiled and put to flight. Before this, however, he had disarmed and seized the leader of the party, and upon unmasking him, discovered that it was the Prince of Mantua, to whose court he belonged. Crichton, although he had been attacked in the meanest manner, and had only disarmed his master, in defending himself, was yet affected by the deepest concern, upon this discovery. He instantly dropped upon one knee; and taking his sword by the point, with romantic devotion, presented it to the prince, his master. Vincenzo naturally of a revengeful and treacherous temper, was at this moment inflamed with wine, irritated by defeat, and perhaps by jealousy. * Certain it is, that it will require the presence of one or all, of these dark and conflicting passions, to account for the act which followed. He received Crichton's sword, and instantly, with equal meanness and brutality, employed it in piercing his defenceless, and injured benefactor, through the heart.

Thus died the Admirable Crichton, in the twenty-second year of his age; preserving, in this last fatal encounter, that superiority to all other men which rendered his life so remarkable; and then, only, conquered, when his romantic ideas of honour had made him renounce the powers and the courage which, upon every other occasion, had so pre-eminently distinguished him.

The absolute amount of Crichton's abilities has been latterly much disputed. Attempts have been made to show that he was a mere impostor in literature. There appears no reason however to doubt his being a man of extraordinary cleverness and accomplishment. He was the intimate and esteemed friend of some of the first eminent men of his day; his pupil, Vincenzo of Gonzaga, was the patron of Tasso. Scaliger bears testimony to his amazing talent, while his censure testifies to his impartiality. "I have heard," says the author, "when I was in Italy, of one Crichton, a Scotchman, who had only reached the age of twenty-one, when he was killed by the command of the Duke of Mantua, who knew twelve different languages,—had studied the fathers and the poets,—disputed *de omni scibili*, and replied to his antagonists in verse. He was a man of

very wonderful genius; more worthy of admiration than of esteem. He had something of the coxcomb about him, and only wanted a little common sense. It is remarkable that princes are apt to take an affection for geniuses of this stamp, but very rarely for truly learned men."

Crichton did nothing for philosophy. He invented nothing. He was not a teacher; he was only a specimen of what a man may be taught. He appears to have possessed great beauty, great personal adroitness, a quick power of perception joined to a most prodigious memory; and added to these, the ready address that naturally resulted from a confidence in his own resources. This last faculty alone would have ensured a triumphant career in debate, even though his reason were not of a profound order. His memory, however, appears to have been the most remarkable thing about him. He could recollect a discourse word for word after once hearing it. Sir Walter Scott (a real genius) partook of this faculty. Magliabecchi, the Florentine librarian, could recollect whole volumes, all in fact that he read.—He once supplied an author from memory with a copy of his own work, of which the original M.S. had been lost. Magliabecchi however does not appear to have been other than a dull man. Could we imagine him adroit in mind, and adroit too in person, we immediately have a second Crichton; and it is not great stretch of imagination. The philosophy of the schools in Crichton's time was very cut and dry; reduced to heads and sections, and the motions in argument as much reduced to rule, as a game of chess by Sarraut or Philidor. Crichton then had a mind to learn, address and person to execute; a coincidence of faculties neither difficult to imagine, nor improbable to exist. He was perhaps, without vastness, profoundness, or even originality of intellect, the cleverest man that has appeared. It must be remembered too, that from the prematurity of his death, his was rather a life of promise than performance; and, in spite of the proverb, promises are not always made to be broken.

A MASONIC EXHORTATION.

Oh, un-in-one-breath-utterable skill!

BEN JONSON.

If your soul be not too drony,
Go and hear the great Masoni!
Scarce Napoleon (nicknam'd Boney)
Was more wondrous than Masoni:
'Pollo's pet, Euterpe's crony,
Is the exquisite Masoni.
All the sweets that live in honey
Are concentred in Masoni,
And more swift than fleetest poney
Run the triplets of Masoni.
Utterly himself unknown he
Should be, who not knows Masoni!
E'en from Greece Colocotroni
Ought to come, to hear Masoni.
That heart must be *ultra-stony*
That is touch'd not by Masoni,
Fiddler rich and rare, and *tony*
Soul-enrapturing Masoni!
Money without ceremony
Should be shower'd on Masoni.
Oh, ye marvel-seekers, on'y
Go and hear the great Masoni!

G. D.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

"TRISTE BUT TRUE."

(For the London Journal.)

In a certain northern city, which shall be nameless—indeed all herein narrated shall be as nameless as the narrator—the people grew their own mirth, their own wine, or a substitute for it, and their own wit, and they managed matters with so much philosophic equality, that those who had the least wit of their own were made the most efficient in bringing out the wit of others, just as women after the turn of life are the handiest for dry-nursing babies. The wit went round in a circle: at one time it was quip and lampoon, at another, hoax, and at a third practical jokes; and the last was the state of the wheel when I knew it.

Well, in this city there was a man of much importance in his own eyes; as what city ever failed in being blessed with such characters. And they are excellent and useful ones they absorb all the adulations which might turn the heads of wiser people. I have always admired that wise provision of nature, by which weak men drink in the overflowings of flattery, such as cess-pools drink in the overflowings of the streets. And it is a rare provision; for the most excessive adulation can do no harm in an empty skull, any more than the most arrant thief can steal in an empty house. The personage alluded to was rich, because his father had been so; and he held an important office—*ditto*. If there were not enough to "make a man of him," alas for many of the "full moons," which are blazoned in history. [Heralds call *full moons* by another name; but I am unskilled in heraldic lore, and so every one may

use what name suits best with his own views of the matter.] This man of office dined in style that would have won him fame at any civic board in the world—that of Quaint Chantry Qua, or what else they call him, the Lord Mayor of Madagascar excepted; for putrid fish would have heightened his stomach into his skull and he would never have got it out again. By the way he would not have been the first with the stomach there; and therefore when Pliny describes the men with "heads below their stomachs," he slyly satirizes many a Roman gourmand.

But to our man of office. He could play cribbage, and I think whist; draughts, but I am certain not chess; and he could laugh at the speech of any man, greater (in wealth and office) than himself, whether there happened to be any wit in it or not.

One thus gifted, in other respects, was of course proportionally gifted in the article of ears; and thus he could not but hear who were the wags of the day, and could not choose but be of their company, when opportunity served.

In the month of —, the snow fell deep, and lay long, the mails were stopped, and the whole city thrown upon its own resources; and one evening our official gentleman met two of the prime artificers of fun. Night was closing in, and the frost was such as to turn the breath to ice within a quarter of an inch of the lips. In such cases and such countries, there is but one resource—to heat the breath till it can thaw for itself a passage through the ice-hardened atmosphere. Some one says that "there is no getting radical heat but through the medium of radical moisture," and so the trio adjourned to the tavern, whose portal was invitingly new. In they went, seated themselves in the best parlour, with the little horse shoe table between them and the fire; below which, their toes could have defied the frost of Boothia, or Melville Island. The man of office was placed in the middle, like a royal scutcheon between two "supporters"—*id est*, rampant beasts of fury. The bottle—I rather think it was a jug, but *n'importe*—"passed and returned;" and the "middle mau" bumped with right and with left, the adulation of his supporters falling sweet the while upon him. He was Adonis; he was Solon, he was—but I was to mention no modern name. In the last of these characters, he played the orator, till the manual plaudits made glasses and jug dance again, as if they had been inspired by the all-overpowering bounds. When he could play the orator no longer, he was woke to glory in the histrionic art: now comedy, and then tragedy, till he fell in the field of Bosworth in a style, which Kean could not have outdone—for it was nature itself.

There he lay quiescent as Cæsar a year after the stab of Brutus; and then began the "practical joke." The dining tables were ranged in the middle of the apartment; and covered with the purest linen. The hero was stretched on them, with crape cap and ruff, and covered with the same. Candles in pairs were placed at the head, the shoulders, the knees, and the feet, and a silver salver bearing a silver salt-cellar was set on the breast. The room was festooned with extempore drapery; the candles were lighted in the sconces; the casements were thrown wide open; and the fire was extinguished. One part of the arrangement I had almost forgotten to mention; a pile of rummers and wine-glasses was placed on the upper cloth nearly in contact with the hero's elbow, and the carpet was removed from the floor.

Having made these arrangements, the other parties adjourned into another apartment, where they could readily hear any sound uttered in that which they had left. As their share of the carouse had not been half a glass to the official man's bumper, and as they had used no superfluous viands that could ferment their potation, they were in a condition for resuming it after supper while they waited the result; but they occasionally peeped through the clink of the door which was left ajar, and fortified sitting-head-high by a screen.

The bell tolled twelve, and there was no sound save that of one who monopolizes to himself all the sleep within hearing. The night-cold had indeed entered to see what was the matter, and the candles were turned to *ignis fatui* by halves of speculi of ice; but the internal caloric of the man of office, latent as it was, would have defied the summit of Caucasus or Climborio, and he snoozed away like a trombone.

The bell tolled one, and still no pause to the usual melody. But when the lazy hour index was creeping towards two, there was a yawn, and crack went the glasses. Steadily both crept to the chink, to catch the soliloquy which, in the original tongue, ran thus:—"I'm dead—that's a clear case—I'm sure I'm dead. They ne'er was set out the hoas this gate far a leevin' man. Weel, weel, gin I'm dead, I'm dead; an' a' body mau dee sometime. But sin' I'm dead, I'm thankfu' that it's nae war'; for, though I'm certain I'm dead, I'm as nae war'—this canna be helt—its sue au'n' caul."

In an instant the masters hurried him out of the apartment, refreshed him with a glass of warm brandy and water, saw him home in a sedan chair, and to bed; and as his brandy and water had been "docktered" a little, he slept so long and so soundly that he forgot all the death scene after the death of Richard, and "de-clareth unto this day," that that was the "white-letter" evening of his whole life.

N.

* I have said that the prince was inflamed by jealousy, because other historians have represented the whole of this transaction as the result of a midnight brawl, in which Crichton, who was then in company with a lady to whom he had secretly paid his addresses, and who was also admired by the prince, was attacked by the latter and his attendants, in a fit of jealousy, and killed upon the spot. I have given the best authenticated and most probable account of this mysterious event. It seems, however, still uncertain whether Crichton owed his death to an accidental encounter, or to a purpose of premeditated assassination. But all his biographers agree, that whatever may have been the particular circumstance accompanying this calamitous event, he fell by the hand of his own master, Vincenzo, Prince of Mantua. His death, as was to be expected from the impression made by his uncommon talents, occasioned great and universal lamentation.—Lord Woodhouselee.

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